**The Bachelor Party**

by Master\_Jonathan

**Chapter 1**

She was asked to strip for a friend's bachelor party. But could she strip in front of their friends?

The following story is a sequel to my story "The Stripper Wife". It is recommended that you read that story first if you haven't already so you will be familiar with the characters and circumstances in this story.

Things with James and Donna had never been better. With her working now at the club, and the trucking company James worked at doing better, money was no longer the specter it used to be. Now they could check the mail in peace and not be afraid that they wouldn't make the bills. In fact, things were so good that James and Donna had started planning a long-awaited vacation.

It had been about nine months since James had found out, rather unexpectedly, about her working at the strip club. And while it led to some tense moments between them at the time, James was smart enough to see what Donna was trying to do, and realize that she was just trying to help with the family finances.

He also was smart enough to realize that he had a hot wife and that letting other men know it wasn't such a bad thing. He was proud of his sexy wife, and it always pleased him when he came to the club to pick her up, knowing he was making all the other men there jealous that she went home with him!

Donna loved her job.Being able to dance and tease the men at The Dollhouse was a tremendous ego boost for her, and she loved the attention she would garner from them. And she had gotten quite good at it in a very short time. She was a natural born stripper, her floor boss Rachael had told her, and she had quickly become one of the most popular girls at the club.

And there was no doubt the money she brought home had solved their financial woes and then some. The car was able to receive some care that it needed, and the house had gotten a fresh coat of paint, the fence repaired, and some new carpet inside.

Yes, things were definitely looking a lot better than they had been only a few short months ago. And the easing of tensions showed in their relationship as well. James came home in a lot better frame of mind these days, and his sexy stripper wife was there ready to help him feel even better!

One day James came home from work with a bit of news for Donna. "Honey, I want to talk to you about something that happened at the shop today," he said as they were eating the dinner she had prepared.

"Uh-oh, this doesn't sound good. What is it James?" she asked, putting her food down for a moment.

"Oh, it's nothing like that... nothing bad. It's just that Danny–you know Danny–well heand Martha have decided to tie the knot and get married finally, and Big Mike is throwing him a bachelor party.

"Well, they all know you work at The Dollhouse, and Mike was wondering if you would be interested in being the entertainment at the bachelor party. I told them I would ask you, but that you would probably be happy to do it," he said.

"Oh, James! Yes, of course, I'll do it! It would be my pleasure to dance for Danny at his bachelor party!" Donna said excitedly.

"That's pretty much what I told him too. Now I don't know all the details yet–you and Mike will have to work all that out–I'm just giving you a heads up that it's happening and letting you they want you to dance at the party," he said.

"Well, I am honored that they thought of me. Why don't you have Mike come over tomorrow night for dinner and we can discuss all this then," she suggested.

The next morning James called Donna from work. "Okay hon, I told Mike you'd be thrilled to dance for the guys at the bachelor party and he will be coming to dinner tonight to talk about it some more," he told her.

"Sounds wonderful James, I can hardly wait! Hurry home, sweetheart!" she said. Donna was elated–she had been asked to dance at one of their best friends bachelor party. Itwas the first time she had done anything like this outside the club and she was excited to have been asked.

Donna quickly got the house in order and got started on dinner. She wanted everything to be ready so she could spend the time talking about the upcoming party and find out all she needed to know.

James and Mike pulled up at the house right after work and Donna was there with a kiss for them both–one for her husband and one on the cheek for Mike.

"Welcome home, Dinner will be ready in a little bit. You boys go into the living room and relax, I'll call you when dinner is ready!" she said. James and Mike went into the living room and sat down to watch the news and talk. Donna came in a couple of minutes later bringing a cold beer for each of them.

"Here you go boys, I thought this might help you unwind!"

"Damn, James! I'm gonna have to hang around here more often! A hot wife, cold beer... you really got it made, dude!" Mike said.

Donna smiled at the compliment and tousled his hair. "Aww, Mike, you know you're welcome here anytime, especially if you keep saying things like that!" she said, blowing him a kiss as she left to head back to the kitchen.

About twenty minutes and another round of beers later, Donna came into the living room. "Okay guys, dinner is on the table!" she said, ushering the two men into the dining room.

After a wonderful dinner of pot roast, baby red potatoes, sauteed asparagus spears, and fresh cornbread, the two men returned to the living room while Donna cleared the table and put the dishes in the sink to soak. Then she joined the men and they sat down to discuss the reason for Mike's visit.

"I can't tell you how honored and flattered I am being asked to participate in Danny's bachelor party," Donna said, "I was thrilled to hear that he and Martha are finally getting married. Danny has been a good friend almost as long as you have, Mike."

"Well, I'm just thankful you wanted to do it! I wasn't really looking forward to asking around to see if I could find someone else. Not only do I not know anything about this sort of thing, but I didn't want to disappoint the guys by hiring someone who wouldn't be any good!

"You know being the best man is a big responsibility–you kinda want to do the job right!" Mike said. "Everyone at work who has seen you dance says you are the best, and they'll be glad I was able to get you to do it."

"So what do you want me to do at this bachelor party, Mike? What kinds of things are you looking for?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing too extreme, Donna, just basically what you do at The Dollhouse. You know, a little stripping, a few lap dances that kind of thing. I do want the man of the hour to get an extra little treat like a special lap dance," he said.

"I see. Well, that sounds tame enough," she said. "Now how do you want me?"

"I don't understand..." he said.

"Well in my act at work I have several different outfits. Is there anything, in particular, you want to see?" she asked.

"Oh no, whatever you want to wear is fine... you won't be in it long anyway!" he said grinning.

"That's true. And that brings me to my next question.How far do you want me to go? At work, we can only strip to our panties, but this is a private party so..." she said.

Mike shot a quick glance over to James before answering. "It's okay Mike," he said.

"Well, we will leave that up to you. If you just want to strip down to your panties, that's fine. Whatever you are comfortable with," Mike said.

"Okay, I have some outfits at work I can bring to the party. I'll find something that will work. Now when is this shindig anyway?" she asked

"We were hoping to have it on Friday a couple of weeks from now. Danny and Martha are getting married a month from now and I'm sure the womenfolk will want to have a bridal shower and maybe a bachelorette party so we need to work around those.

"Friday after work is a good time to have the party.It gets the weekend off to a good start and gives us a couple of days to get over any hangovers!" he chuckled.

"I see. Well, Fridays are my work days at the club usually, but I can switch with one of the girls that week. I know a couple of the girls there who wouldn't mind switching. Fridays are good tip days and they will like the extra money," Donna said.

"Speaking of money, um... how much would you charge for your services?" Mike asked.

"Oh, honey, I wouldn't charge you guys!" she said, shocked that he would even ask that question.

"No, no, Donna, we don't expect you to do this for free. We will pay the going rate, we just need to know what that is. Don't let these guys take advantage of you just because you are a friend!" he said.

"Okay, I will have to ask around at the club. I've never done a private party, so I will see what 'the going rate' is and give you a good deal then," she said.

"Fair enough. Just let us know and we will squeeze the money from these tight-fisted Scrooges one way or another–even if we have to charge admission!" he laughed.

With their business concluded, the three spent the rest of the evening talking about other things–work at the trucking company, the new regulations, and work at the club with the new girls that had just gotten there.

Soon it was time for Mike to go home. "I really appreciate your helping us with the party Donna, it's going to be a great time," Mike said as he got ready to leave.

"Mike, honey, I should be thanking you. This will be fun for me too, and a whole new experience. Thank you for asking me," she said, giving him another kiss on the cheek. "And you need to stop by the club and watch me dance sometime. You're about the only one at the shop that hasn't seen me!"

Then, with a promise to drop by the club sometime, he left and Donna went into the kitchen to take care of those dishes...

The next day Donna went to talk to Rachael, her floor boss, about the upcoming bachelor party. "Rachael, you got a minute?" Donna asked after knocking on the door.

"Sure, honey, come on in. What's up?" Rachael said, shutting the door for privacy.

"Well, some of the guys my husband works with have asked me to do a bachelor party for one of them whose getting married. But I've never done a bachelor party before. What goes on at these things–what will they expect me to do?" she asked.

"Donna, the first and most important thing I can tell you is that you make the decision as to what you will or won't do. They can want you to do this or that, but it's up to you to agree to it.

"And conversely, once you do agree to it, you should follow through.Otherwise, you won't be asked again and your reputation may be damaged. Which could even affect your work here. So be careful what you agree to and then honor the agreement," Rachael said.

"Yeah, I can see that," Donna said.

"These parties can be a lot of fun and give you a chance to stretch your wings a bit without messing with your job here. You get to try out new routines and tricks in a small crowd before bringing them here to work. It can really help your work here too. Have they told you anything about what they expect of you?" Rachael asked.

"We talked about it a little. They said it will be pretty much what I do here–except..." Donna said.

"Except what?" Rachael said, getting on the defensive already.

"Well they said it was entirely up to me, but I kinda think they want me to strip... completely," Donna said.

"I see. And what do you think about this?" Rachael said.

"I don't know. I mean I am used to taking off my clothes to my panties but to drop my last shred of modesty..." she started.

"Well, Donna remember you have the right to say what goes on... or comes off!" Rachael said. "Never forget that–it is very important!"

"I know. The problem is that part of me wants to do a complete strip! I think it would be very sexy to know I was completely and totally vulnerable and open for these men. And they are friends–most of them have even been here to the club to watch me dance," Donna said.

"Donna honey, the choice is yours. But let me tell you, I have done a few of these types of things... bachelor parties, birthday parties, and so forth. And really there isn't all that much difference than what we do here.

"Oh, maybe we might take off a bit more at the private things and we can let them get away with a little more grabby hands stuff, but the reality of it is it's still just taking our clothes off for money. When you look at it through business eyes, it isn't so bad," Rachael said.

"That's why I came to you, Rachael.You are so logical and realistic!" Donna said.

"More like jaded, sweetheart. I've been in this business in one form or fashion for a long time. I know the score and I'm not easily surprised," she said.

"So how much should I ask for my services? What does a typical party like this pay?" Donna asked.

"That depends on a few things. First off, do you know how many guys will be there?" Rachael asked.

"Gosh, I don't know.I didn't think to even ask!" Donna said.

"Well let's figure on ten, that's a good number for something like this. Okay, ten guys, and you will be dancing probably at least one lap dance apiece with the groom to be getting a couple. And supposing you do strip all the way,I wouldn't do it for less than $250 an hour with a two-hour minimum if I were you. Myself, they'd pay considerably more but they are paying for experience with me.

"That's for the 'basic package'–he dancing and a lap dance each except for the groom. If they want more lap dances or something else, the cost goes up from there. And then there are the tips–I'm sure that they will all show up with a fist full of ones! A good night could get you a very nice paycheck. The girls here love working parties like this! You are a lucky girl, honey!" Rachael said.

"Yeah, now all I have to do is find one of the girls to switch days with me so I can work the party!" Donna said.

"What day is the party scheduled for?" Rachael asked.

"It's tentatively set for Friday two weeks from now," Donna said.

"Well, that shouldn't be a problem.Fridays are usually pretty good days for tips and table dances. I'm sure that one of the girls would be happy to switch with you. And if you just can't find anyone, let me know.I have been wanting to get back on the floor a bit myself!" Rachael said.

"Really?" Donna said surprised.

"Sure, I like to keep my hand in it when I can,that way I can relate more to what you girls go through because I'm one of you," Rachael explained. "I kinda miss being able to tease the men and have them eating out of my hand! It makes a girl feel good to see that bulge in their pants and know it's because of you!"

Donna knew exactly what she meant. She got excited too when she saw her customers fidgeting in their seats, adjusting themselves as their cocks took up more and more space in their pants. "Well, would you want to work my shift? That way you would get back out there and I won't have to ask one of the other girls–and then be beholding to them for a turnaround someday!" she asked.

"I think that's a great idea! Yes, I'll do it! I still have my outfits and some of them may even fit!" Rachael giggled.

"Oh, Rachael, you are still a knockout! I'm sure the guys here will love seeing you up on stage instead of stuck in this dark back office all the time!" Donna said.

"It will be good to get out front of the men and see if I can still turn a head or two!" Rachael said.

"I don't think you have to worry about that, Rach... I wish I had your body!" Donna said.

So with these details taken care of, Donna was all the more excited about working the party. She could hardly wait to get home that night and tell James the great news. But first, she had to finish her shift. It turned out to be a pretty good night there too, with Donna making a couple of hundred dollars in tips and table dances along with her regular pay.

Unable to wait a moment longer, Donna called home during one of her breaks between sets. "James, I talked to Rachael at work about the bachelor party. She said I should charge $250 an hour for a party of ten guys with a two-hour minimum. That's for starters, then if the guys want more, of course, it goes up from there.

"I figured, because they are our friends, I would charge $200 an hour and give everyone a lap dance and Danny a couple of them. If you break it down, that's just over $44.00 a piece for nine guys–I don't think Danny should have to pay for his bachelor party.

"And if they want an extra hour it would be $22.00 an hour for each of them. Rachael says that more experienced strippers get a lot more, but this is my first time so I wanted to keep it on the low side. What do you think?" Donna asked.

"Sounds good to me. I'll tell Mike and we'll see what he has to say. I don't know how many guys are coming, but if you break it down like that, we can figure out the final cost per person and let you know.

"I know these are our friends, but I'm sure they don't want to shortchange you just to save a few bucks. And I don't want you working for free either. After all, you are working, even if it is a party," James said.

"That's kinda what Rachael said," Donna replied. "And don't forget to tell them to bring their ones too. Agirl likes to feel she's appreciated!"

"Of course! I'm sure they were planning to do that anyway!" he said. "Guys get just as much of a thrill filling a sexy girl's g-string as you girls get by getting the money!"

Donna giggled and hung up the phone. This was going to be a long two weeks! She turned and headed back out onto the floor and tried to put the party out of her head so she could concentrate on work. The night went on and she finished her shift, going home tired but very happy.

James had just placed an order for a pizza because he figured she'd be worn out from dancing all shift. Donna went in to change clothes to something more comfy and while she was in the bedroom, she heard the pizza guy at the door. Once she heard the door close again, she came out wearing an oversize t-shirt and her panties.

"Wow, Donna, that looks like the perfect pizza eating outfit!" James said eyeing her appreciatively.

"Well. James, maybe you can have something more than pizza tonight!" she said, with a playful wink.

**The Bachelor Party, Chapter 2**

It was right around noon the next day when the phone rang. Donna was doing a little housework before getting ready to go to work that evening.

"Hello?" she said, picking up the phone.

"Hi, Donna, it's Mike from the shop," he said.

Donna recognized the deep booming voice of Big Mike, who was aptly named as he was a large man. "Hi, Mike, what's up?" she asked.

"I just wanted to let you know that James told me what you said about your fee for the party and it all sounds great. We have eight guys who have already said they'd come and I have three or four more to ask so you should have a good crowd. Once I get a definite number, we can get together again and iron out any other details and questions. I gotta tell you, your dancing at the party is all the buzz around here!" he said laughing.

"Aww, I'm happy to do it, Mike. And you tell the boys that I'll give them a show they won't soon forget too! I'm excited about the party as well. Everything on my end is taken care of–I have someone who will switch shifts with me, I got the okay from work to do it, and I can borrow a couple of outfits to wear and dance in," she said.

"I'm sure you will do great and speaking for myself, I'm looking forward to seeing you dance. I haven't had a chance to get over to the club yet, so all this talk has me really curious... I can't wait to see you strut your stuff!" he said.

"Well then, I might just have to whip up a special lap dance for you then! After all, the 'best man' should get something special for doing all the leg work! And it may be just the motivation you need to come down to the club and see me again!" she said, giggling.

"Oh, trust me, honey, it's not motivation I lack... it's time! But I will try to stop by for a beer one of these days, I promise!" he said.

"I'm holding you to that promise, mister!" Donna said.

The next few days passed although they passed much too slowly in Donna's opinion. A few days before the big night, Donna was lying in bed with James and they were talking about the upcoming party and what Mike had told her about the specifics of the job.

"Mike says he has ten guys lined up for the party, so it should be a good time and you should make some good money. I know several of them are looking forward to lap dances so you may be doing several of them that night," James said.

"I'm looking forward to it. Danny is a great guy and he deserves his 'last night as a free man' to be something he can look back on fondly. All the guys at your work have treated me with a lot of respect and kindness. I was so scared the night that you showed up at the club with them–not only scared that you saw me there, but also that they saw me there.

"I was afraid that you would get hassled because your wife was a stripper. I didn't care about myself–I made the decision to do this, and would have deserved whatever I got. But you were innocent of everything and you shouldn't have been penalized for your wife's poor decision-making.

"But the guys at your work didn't hassle you and they still thought of me as the same person they had always known. Maybe a little sexier; I get more compliments on my looks and my body now, and I've gotten visits at work from a few of them. But they are always nice and well-behaved. I appreciate that and this is my chance to thank them for making me feel comfortable with all this," she said.

"Yeah, I thought I would have to fight off a bunch of snide remarks too... maybe even find another place to work if it got too bad. But they are a good bunch of guys," he agreed.

Donna paused for a long time at that point. She wanted to tell him something important but needed to formulate just the right way to do it. Finally, she decided to just throw it out there and hope he would understand.

"James, can I tell you something?" she started.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, God, this is hard to talk about... there's something I've always wanted to try... a fantasy of mine that I've always been fascinated with," she said.

"Oh?" he replied, propping himself up on one elbow as he faced her.

"Yeah. You see I have always gotten turned-on by... gangbangs," she said cautiously. She waited breathlessly to see what his reaction would be.

James thought for a minute before speaking. "What do you mean, Donna? You mean you'd like to be in a gangbang?" he asked.

"Yes, James, I really would like to try it. The idea is very hot and exciting for me," she said.

Okay, tell me more about this... about your idea," he said.

"Well, James, it's just that I have seen movies about this–porn movies–and read stories about gangbangs, and they turn me on so much... I often wish I was the girl in those gangbang movies, surrounded by hard throbbing cocks and taking turns sucking and fucking them all.

"I dream about being in the middle of several guys, getting cocks up all three holes at once and even jacking off another one or two. I'll be honest, James, it's been the source of a lot of very hot dreams and more than once I have had to... relieve myself because of my imaginations!" she confessed.

James listened intently to what she said. He knew that when they had watched his porn movies together, the gangbang scenes always seemed to lead to the best sex afterward, but he never put the two things together until now.

"Let me think on this for a little while," he said. "I'm not saying no, I just need to wrap my head around this."

"Of course, James. I know this is a big deal and I understand. I'd probably be the same way if things were reversed," Donna said, and she dropped the subject for now.

Although Donna had let the subject go, James had not and he mulled over what she had told him all that night. The next day as he was headed off to work, an idea came to him... he would give his beautiful wife her greatest fantasy!

Unbeknownst to Donna, James was working behind the scenes to organize her fantasy gangbang. He talked with a few select guys he knew were coming to the bachelor party and who he knew would show Donna a good time without any unnecessary drama or complications.

The guys would have to be single with no girlfriends to get jealous. No one needed that green-eyed monster showing up on their doorstep! They would have to be able to be discreet and most of all they had to be respectful of Donna and of their marriage. This was a fantasy of hers and once fulfilled, he didn't want any residual "feelings" to contend with.

James found five guys that fit the bill and who agreed to help Donna with her fantasy. Four of the guys Donna knew pretty well. There was Big Mike, Paul, Alex, and Bobby. These guys had been over to James and Donna's for barbecues, for parties, and to watch the Superbowl a couple of times. She knew each of them and would chat with them whenever she came to the shop.

The other guy, Marcus, was a relatively new guy around the shop who Donna had yet to meet. Marcus was a big black man who looked like he could play pro-football with anyone in the NFL. Being black would fulfill another of Donna's fantasies, which was to see if the reports of black men having enormous cocks were true. She certainly hoped it was; James was a good-sized man in his own right, but Donna wanted to try a truly monstrous cock!

James kept his plan for Donna secret from her and instead worked out all the details himself telling his select buddies what was going on and asking if they'd like to help. All five of them said they would be happy to help although Marcus, being the newest of the group was a bit hesitant, thinking maybe he was being pranked. But James assured him this was on the level and that he was serious about helping his wife with her fantasy, and finally Marcus agreed.

At last, everything was set for the party. Donna was so excited that she could hardly concentrate that day. She had brought home an outfit that was one of James's favorites and one that always seemed to make her customers at the club happy as well–a skimpy little French maid's outfit complete with white thigh-top stockings, light gray high heels, and just for fun, a feather duster! She added a white bra and panty set just to make taking it off more fun and she was all set.

The party was to take place in one of the large two-room suites at a local hotel. The suite had a large living room area and a good sized bedroom with a nice bathroom between them. Everyone was already in the hotel room when James and Donna arrived. Donna arrived wearing her regular street clothes (this was, after all, a nice hotel!) and carrying her outfit and makeup in separate suitcases.

"Hi, James! Hi, Donna!" Mike said as the pair entered the room. "Donna, let me show you where you can change and get ready. James, the bar is over there," he said pointing. He took Donna's hand and led her back to the bedroom, showing her the bathroom on the way past it.

"Do you need anything else?" Mike asked.

"No, James has my music mix and I have everything I need right here," she said patting her cases.

"I'll say you do!" Mike said with a wink, then turned to leave her to get dressed.

It took Donna about ten minutes to get ready, most of which was spent on her makeup and hair. She wanted to look perfect for these boys–it was her first private gig and she wanted it to go well so word would get out and she could do more of them. She was looking to make some really good money as well as have fun with guys she knew well so she wanted the party to be a hit.

Finally, after one more critical examination of her looks and outfit, she was ready for her debut. She walked down the short hall from the bedroom and stood in the entrance to the living room. "Hello, boys!" she said striking a seductive pose.

The group looked up and amid the whistles, catcalls and glowing appreciation, James started her music.

Over the next two hours, Donna danced around the room, and gave each of the guys a lapdance, with Danny and Mike getting a little special treatment. Donna's g-string quickly filled with dollar bills until towards the end of each set she took it off (to the delight of the entire room!)

When she got close to the end of her second hour of dancing, a couple of the guys asked her to do another hour "Aww, c' mon, Donna, dance some more for us! You are so hot, baby, we want more!" one of the guys said.

"Yeah, we'll pay you! Please dance for us a little while longer!" another said.

"Okay, guys, I'll do another hour," she said with a smile, and the whole room applauded heartily. Guys dug out their wallets and waved bills around, a few wanted another lapdance and still others wanted to offer their singles to her g-string.

Then as a final sexy act, Mike laid a twenty-dollar bill on Danny's lap. Donna knew just what to do. From across the room, she got down on her hands and knees and crawled slowly and seductively towards the groom-to-be. She crawled up between his legs and with her teeth she plucked the bill from his lap, being sure to nuzzle the enormous bulge that was there.

All the guys hooted and howled at her brazen act and when she stood up they all gathered around her to thank her for the great job she did. She kissed each of the guys on the cheek and thanked them for being such good sports and for the generous tips they had given her.

Donna went back to the bedroom to change back into her regular street clothes and when she came out she saw a few of the guys getting ready to leave.

"Sorry we have to cut and run, Donna, but we have a long day ahead of us. We have to make a run to Chicago tomorrow and will have to start early if we are going to get home again tomorrow night," one of them said.

"Well, thank you, boys, for coming and thank you for allowing me to be a part of this. I really do appreciate it and I hope you all had a wonderful time," Donna said.

"Oh we did, honey... you were phenomenal! Gave me something to dream on tonight!" he said.

"You guys really are so sweet!" she said giving each of them a big kiss on the cheek and a hug.

Finally, only Mike, Alex, Paul, Bobby and Marcus remained. It was time to spring the surprise on Donna.

James sat down next to Donna on the sofa. The other guys were sitting in chairs on either side of them in a semi-circle so they could see her as well. "Donna, honey, you remember the other night when you told me about your fantasy... about wanting to be in a gangbang?" he asked.

"JAMES!" Donna said, shocked that he would bring up such a personal and intimate thing in mixed company.

"It's okay, sweetheart, we are here to help you with your fantasy. We are here to grant you your gangbang!" he said.

"What? Really?" Donna asked stunned by the news.

"That's right, Donna. James came to us individually a few days ago when we were still putting this party together. He told us about your fantasy and how he wanted to help you fulfill it. We all jumped right on board because you have done so much for us and been such a sweetheart... we wanted to give something back to you. Not to mention the fact that we have all drooled over you since we first met you!" he laughed.

"I-I don't know what to say!" she said with a blank, not-quite-there look.

"Well, we have all gotten tired of James here having you all to himself, so when he invited us all to play, we leaped at the chance to have you, hot stuff!" Mike said with a big grin. Donna looked around the room at the five men, all smiling and waiting patiently for her to understand. Then she looked at James.

"This is for you, baby... this is your party now," he said.

"Oh James!" she said, nearly bursting into tears. And as she threw her arms around her husband, kissing him and thanking him profusely for understanding and helping her, the rest of the group began getting undressed and ready for her.

A minute or so later, Donna turned back to see the five men stripped down to just their boxers. James took a seat in a chair in the corner telling Donna he was just there to watch her have a good time. Donna quickly got undressed and then moved towards the row of impatient men.

She dropped down on her knees in front of Mike, who was first in line. "Now let's see why they call you Big Mike!" she purred as she reached up to slide his boxers down. "Mmm, very nice," she said as his cock revealed itself. He was indeed a big man and she took his cock in hand, licking it and kissing it until she put it in her mouth and sucked on it, making it nice and hard before moving on.

The next guy in line was Paul. As with Mike, she knelt before him, licking her lips as she pulled his boxers down. He too was admirable in size and already half erect. She used her mouth to make his cock harder and fully erect as Paul moaned happily. Alex followed, then Bobby. And when she moved to in front of Marcus, James stopped her.

"Hold on a second, Donna. Marcus here is for a little bit later. He is a special treat; I know another of your fantasies is to experience a black man and that's why I invited him. Consider him your dessert!" James said.

"Oooh, a chocolate popsicle!" Donna said, with a wicked grin. The men helped her to her feet and she climbed onto the bed, lying on her back and spreading her legs in an invitation to the guys.

"Since Danny isn't here and James is sitting this one out, I'm the best man so I outrank the rest of you. And I have been wanting to get a taste of this young lady for a long time!" Mike said as he climbed in between her legs and prepared to taste her dripping pussy.

"Oh, God, Mike!" Donna said as he buried his face in her steaming pussy and began ravaging her with his mouth and tongue. The other guys (minus Marcus) gathered around and she took one of them in her mouth while grabbing hold of two other cocks to jack them.

As Mike ate her ferociously, Donna moaned her pleasure around the cock in her mouth. She alternated with the other two cocks so that no one felt left out or ignored. Donna was getting her fantasy - she had more cock than she'd ever had at one time before!

After several glorious minutes of Donna being Mike's chew toy, one of the guys wanted more than just a hand job. So everyone rotated so that Alex was under Donna, who straddled him and shoved his cock into her hungry pussy. Bobby took up a position behind her fucking the tight hot ass she had been shaking all night. And Paul was treated to more of her warm wet mouth.

And so it went for the next couple hours, as one guy after another came on and in Donna, who herself had more orgasms than she could count. Donna was a sticky, dripping, cum-covered mess. Her makeup, which she had so meticulously applied was now a wreck.

Donna looked like a Picasso painting on a bad day. Her blonde hair was a tousled mess and she was panting covered in a sheen of sweat, and completely spent. The men didn't fare much better; each had blown their loads multiple times over the course of the gangbang and now lay scattered about the room as if a great battle had just taken place.

James, who had been witness to the revelry taking place in front of him, looked over to Marcus. With nothing more than a nod, he put his final card into play. Marcus rose from his seat and walked over to where Donna lay sprawled out on the bed.

Marcus grabbed a handful of her matted blonde hair and hauled her head up to look at him. "Your husband tells me that you want to try out a big black cock. Well, now that the boys here have warmed you up, it's time to show you what you've been missing! I got to warn you though, I may just ruin you for white boys again!" he growled in a deep voice.

Still holding her head up by the hair he pulled his boxers down to give her the first look at his massive black cock, half erect and waiting for her. "Is this what you were expecting, slut?" he said, grabbing the weapon and slapping her across the face with its length.

"Ohhh... " Donna moaned in a mixture of anticipation of what the brute would feel like and exhaustion over what she'd already been through. But Marcus wasn't to be denied; he'd sat patiently all night waiting for his chance to split this white woman like kindling and now he was going to make firewood out of her!

"That's right... I am gonna fuck you like you've never been fucked before! You are going to remember your first taste of black cock for a long, long time! Of course, you may not walk right for the next couple days, but that's your problem!" he said.

Marcus pulled her over to the edge of the bed until her head fell off the side. She lay on her back with her head hanging down–the perfect position for deep-throating a big black cock! "Now open that whore mouth!" he said, slapping her face with his cock again. James had told Marcus to talk to her in degrading and humiliating ways to add to her experience, and Marcus was enjoying the whole game.

Donna opened her mouth and Marcus shoved his cock so far into her mouth that at first she gagged and tried to shake him from her mouth. But he grabbed both sides of her head and held her still as he began face-fucking her.

"Guck-guck-guck-gick" Donna made those sounds of a cock sliding in and out of her throat as Marcus pumped his cock into her. He thrust deep down her throat and she was forced to hold her breath until she fought for air and then he'd pull out just long enough for her to grab a quick breath before plunging back down her throat. Donna was drooling and saliva was pouring from her mouth running down into her face and hair and adding to her messed up makeup.

James was in the perfect position to see her face from between Marcus's legs, and he could see the wide-eyed expression on her face as his cock pistoned in and out like he was drilling for oil. As Marcus fucked her face with his cock, he reached down and pinched and pulled at her nipples causing her to moan around the massive cock whenever she had the air to do it.

He reached down and began fingering her pussy getting her ready for what would inevitably come. Donna reached up and wrapped her hands around the backs of his thighs, the only solid thing she could think of to hold on to as her world began reeling. James could see her eyes glaze over as the lust rose in her. She was writhing both as a struggle against the huge cock filling her mouth and from the fingers churning her pussy to oblivion.

Finally, Marcus felt she was ready. His cock was hard as a railroad spike and he was anxious to shove it into her dripping hole. He grabbed her and in a single move flipped her onto her stomach and rotated her so her ass was directly in front of him. He pulled her up onto her knees and spread her legs wide. With a smack on her ass as emphasis, he pointed his huge tool at her slippery pussy and pushed into her.

"OHHH, FUUUCK!" Donna screamed as she felt his massive tool stretch her beyond anything she had felt before. She grabbed hold of the sheets and shoved a corner of the pillow into her mouth to give her something to bite down on as he pushed deeper. And deeper was just where Marcus was heading as his black snake slithered ever further down her vaginal tunnel, as if looking for a meal at the end.

Donna writhed and twisted and moaned even in her lust-crazed, semi-lucid state as Marcus' relentless attack continued. It seemed like forever to Donna before he finally hit the bottom of her well, pressing firmly against her cervix and unable to go any further. He still had a few inches left to go, but he knew this white woman would not be able to contain his full length.

No matter, though, because as soon as he stopped burrowing, the fucking began... in earnest. He didn't hesitate, he didn't let her get accustomed to him. Marcus came there to fuck and she was what he was going to fuck. He pulled back until just the thick meaty head remained inside then pushed forward with greater speed this time.

A couple more strokes and he was slamming into her full force. He pounded her so hard it knocked the breath from her and James could hear her grunt at the end of each thrust. She moaned when she could and was clawing at the sheets at the intensity with which Marcus assailed her.

Donna had never been fucked so hard or so deep before. James usually 'made love' to her; on occasion, if they were feeling sporty, he might fuck her. But Marcus was not at all gentle or forgiving. James had told him she wanted to experience a black cock–that she wanted to feel the full rough sex that being with a black would entail.

She expected him to be huge and for him to be merciless and severe and that was what she wanted. James told Marcus that and told him she wanted to feel cheap, used, and whorish. He gave her all that and more, spitting out insults and humiliations as well as his iron-hard cock punishments.

Donna's already used and still-sensitive pussy was being abused all over again but now it didn't take nearly as long to reach her peak. There had been only moments since the rest of the group had finished with her and she was still in her lust high when Marcus began. So she quickly rose to another raging orgasm which hit her now.

"Oh God, I'm going to cum! Oh please not again! Ohh! Ohhhh, FUUUCKKK MEEE!!" she screamed as she arched her back, raising her chest into a doggy position and screaming her orgasm to the ceiling. Marcus shoved her head and chest back down onto the bed and continued plowing into her every bit as hard.

Before he was finished himself, Donna would undergo two more soul-rending orgasms and be well on her fourth. The last one came as Marcus himself exploded inside her, filling his condom with white scalding cum.

The pair collapsed on the bed, Donna moaning incomprehensibly while Marcus panted for breath silently. James smiled; he had fulfilled two of her greatest fantasies this night and judging from the condition his poor wife was in, she would have many fond memories of her first time dancing a private party!